

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 59.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1853.

PRICE 1d.
STAMPED 2d



SEIZURE OF PASTOR JOSEPH, GURSLIN, AND THE CONSTANT.

THE REFUGEES OF THE BLACK FOREST.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

HUMBERT obeyed without a word the order of Victor, for discipline was always strict among the No 59, 1853.

Vaudois; but there was a raging sea within, and a rock of shipwreck near. Few among mankind are aware how much they owe to that saving Providence which grants not the opportunity when the evil passion is at the flood. As Humbert

H

Renaud reached his post, there arrived by that way a party consisting of Pienaza's military secretary, a man-at-arms bearing a white flag, an esquire, and a trumpeter, with the offer of truce for a month. The fiery Provençal said it was a Romish *ruse* to throw them off their guard; but Gianavello had accepted it, and the council of the Pra thought it well to spare the effusion of blood for even so short a period. The secretary made them a complimentary speech on their military prowess, on the admiration his master entertained for it, and on the probability of things being settled to their satisfaction, in case they submitted themselves to their sovereign. Victor, as the Vaudois commandant, calmly answered that, next to their faith, there was nothing they valued so much as peace, and would rejoice to lay down their arms as soon as it was securely established. The secretary and his man-at-arms departed. He had left, according to military etiquette, his esquire and trumpeter at Humbert's post. The former had a partial knowledge of young Renaud, from having seen him as commandant of the bastion. He had been once a lay brother in the convent of St. Loyola in Piedmont, and what passed between them was never known; but wrath and pride are terrible masters. An hour of their domination has often wrought the ruin of a life. The sentinels on Victor's frontier wondered to see their former commandant pass with the truce-bearers, but thought he might have been sent on some message, and made their report only when relieved.

The mountain friends had suffered with their people and borne many losses; Claude's momentary fall had grieved them deeply; but for their earnest honest hearts time had brought no deeper disappointment than this. That one who had fought so bravely and seemed so true—their brother in faith, their companion in arms—should desert his betrothed wife, his aged father, his brothers, his friends, his religion! Each one could have believed it of himself as soon as of Humbert Renaud. Gaston said he "had found one son and lost another: the will of the Lord be done;" but the old man stooped lower, as if the burden of his years grew more heavy from that day. Renee said nothing except to Victor on his midnight watch; but she was found more frequently in prayer, and at the great bible. On Claude the apostacy of his brother seemed to bring a sudden and most courageous composure. He confessed his fall before the assembled congregation, as the primitive discipline of that martyr people required, with deep and sincere contrition; and declaring himself—for the present at least—unworthy of preaching the truth for which he had once refused to suffer, offered to accept any post, however humble or however dangerous, which Victor might assign to him.

The Vaudois relaxed none of their military vigilance, and the truce was well observed. There was peace to come and go throughout the ruined valleys; peace to raise huts and cultivate fields all round the Pra; and, above all, peace to assemble for sabbath worship in the heart of the green valley, for the little church could not now contain their numbers. Something like the old quiet came down on their hearts; even the Provençals seemed subdued or pacified by the pious patient example of their allies, and there was hope that

they also might become true Vaudois in time: but the harvest had come, the crops had ripened around the mountain homes, and, with hymns of praise, the cottagers went up to gather their grapes and reap their corn as stores for a coming winter in the Pra. With great haste and toil were those crops gathered in, the poor people working night and day, for the truce was short. The Constants were wearied out when their last sheaf was cut and packed in the mule load for transport to the valley. The September sunset was clothing grey rock and glacier with its gold; far down the mountain paths the laden bands and mules were winding; Victor had gone to his post, for he was still commandant, but Renee and Louisin sat in their old cottage porch waiting for Gueslin, who had gone to take one last look at his mother's grave. Great silence had fallen on the Shepherd's-rest, so lately filled with the bustle of the harvest. The sisters were gazing on its sky, and rocks, and tinging trees, when they heard an approaching step, and saw a man with a long staff coming slowly down the valley. The erect spare figure, on which time and hardship seemed to have no power, was not to be mistaken, and, almost before he saw them, the girls were clinging round their uncle Joseph.

It was some minutes before any of the three could speak. To each it seemed as if the losses of life had been made up in that meeting, till the pastor at length said, "Blessed be Him who has given me to see the faces of my children once more! Is Victor well? and what of our people?"

"He is well, and become a great captain," cried Louisin.

Here Gueslin, having caught sight of the pastor, came running from the vineyards, and a faint flush rose on the girl's cheek as she said: "Oh, uncle, he has fought bravely for us and become our brother."

"My son," said Joseph, clasping the young man to his breast, "many prayers have been fulfilled;" while Gueslin could only utter:—

"Welcome! welcome! Oh that my mother had lived for this. Our neighbours," he continued, "have been gathering the harvest; they are not at the Pra yet. Shall I run and tell them?"

"No, my son," said the pastor; "the way is far, and they must be weary, as indeed I am; we will talk and rest this night in our old cottage, and go down together in the morning."

"The truce expires this night at twelve," said Gueslin, "and Victor bade us all be within the lines."

"No one has ever come here but ourselves, nor ever will," said Louisin; "let us stay this night in the old home with uncle Joseph."

Gueslin said no more, for all were of Louisin's mind. A fire was soon kindled on the cottage hearth, a supper prepared from the last gleanings, and they sat down as in former times, with Gueslin instead of Victor. Then came inquiries and relations. The pastor told them how, through the aid of one of the prison keepers at Messina, whom, in one of his missions, he had found poor and sick of the plague, he had managed to secure his release from confinement, and suffered him to escape: how he had heard of Claude's apostacy, but knew that it must have sprung from a momentary weakness: how he had wandered in wastes

and hidden in caverns till, by the retreat of the troops and the opening of the passes, he had found his way back to the old valley. How much of change and trial, too, the Constants had to tell! But Joseph listened calmly even to Humbert's desertion, and then said, "Let us give thanks, my children, that so little of this time's abounding evil has fallen on us; and as for our Claire and Gaston's son, let us hope that God will restore even them."

As he spoke, there came a trampling of feet through the still autumn night. Gueslin rushed to the door, but the next instant it was crashed in with a heavy blow, and the room was filled with pikemen and halberdiers, shouting, "For the holy Roman church and his serene highness the Duke of Savoy."

"Thou canst not fight against so many, my son," said Pastor Joseph, laying his hand on Gueslin's arm, as the latter made a stretch for his arms, which had been hung in the corner, and a scornful-looking boy, who, as a lieutenant, commanded the French halberdiers, glancing at the four, inquired, "Are these peasants the people you brought us to arrest, good father?"

The question was addressed to one behind him, whom the Constants knew too well; for there, in the same humble garb in which he had disturbed the valley for many a day, stood brother Pietro.

"Yes," he replied, with affected humility, "these are the people."

"Nonsense!" cried the young lieutenant; "it can't be. Your name is not Constant?" he added, looking at Renee. The girl had kept her place, and now calmly answered:—"Yes, monseigneur, my name is Renee Constant; but this young man," and she pointed to Gueslin, "is not our brother; his name is Rosa."

"He is a rebel!" cried brother Pietro, who had not forgotten his own banishment; "and in the name of the marquis I call upon you to arrest him."

"Oh! we will arrest them all," said the lieutenant, evidently dissatisfied. "Come along, good people!" Here Pietro approached with a whisper, of which something about "truce, and waiting till twelve" was audible.

"None of your friar's tricks: we'll march this minute," cried the lieutenant; and at a wave of his hand the soldiers closed round the little party, who were then civilly marched out of the cottage and down the valley, brother Pietro following in displeasure that more stringent measures had not been adopted. His indignation continued throughout the march. A weary one it was for the poor prisoners, already much fatigued. In all probability they were going to martyrdom together, yet they had no regret except for Victor and the people in the Pra. The victories of the Vaudois had pushed Pienaza's army beyond the Piedmontese frontier; but a large division under Colonel Count Mancini were encamped under the walls of Susa, ready to act in concert with its garrison against the protestants, as soon as the truce expired. To this camp the captives were conducted, along the base of the Cottians; day was breaking when, worn out and foot-sore, they passed the line of sentinels posted along the head of the defile. It is a strange scene yet for travellers, and

it looked stranger then. Above towered the Cottian peaks, crowned with the glaciers of ages; perched on its steep crag rose the fortress of Brunetta, somewhat less grey and war-worn than it seems to-day. Further down, on a green ridge, stood the fortalice and hamlet of Bazzano, and in the depth of the narrow valley Mancini's camp and the quaint old spires of Susa.

The *réveille* had sounded when they reached it. Soldiers were bustling out, guards were relieving, and in the tents of the officers, where there had been more of revelry than slumber, the lights were not yet extinguished. As the Constants and their friends were marched into the camp, all ran to stare at them as if they had never seen poor peasants or a Vaudois pastor before.

"There are the heretic captain's sisters! What does the count mean to do with them? There's their great preacher! Will they burn him here or in the market-place?" with many a ruder speech, met their ears, and very few said the girls were young, and that it was a pity that such an end was before them. Renee thought they must have been mistaken for some great people, when, after waiting an hour in the centre of the camp, surrounded by their guard, they were marched to the large tent where Mancini sat in council with his officers.

Adelbert de Mancini was one of the numerous nephews of Cardinal Mazarin, for whom that notable minister refused to provide, notwithstanding deep and general expectation. He therefore took to the only resource of landless nobles in his day, and became a free-lance, or soldier of fortune. In this capacity, Adelbert served half the Roman catholic princes of Europe. There was not a wicked war-work, from the sack of Magdeberg to the massacre of the Vaudois, in which he had not an active part and a large booty; being an Italian of the true Scoriza and Visconti type, dark, crafty, and without compunction when his own interest or policy was concerned. Such men have ever been at once the servants and the served of Rome. Priests and propagandists of every order were Mancini's friends. The brother of Saint Lazarus the mendicant, having taken a vow to roam the mountains since the truce was proclaimed, traced pastor Joseph to the cottage, guessed the family's intention of passing the night there, and, with the haste of a revengeful spirit, flew to Mancini, suggesting their capture as a check on the young commandant and people of the Pra. The proposal was after the colonel's heart; but Count Saint Denis and his French halberdiers formed part of the division. The count couldn't move in the business himself, having already incurred clerical suspicion by his slackness in the massacre; but he contrived to get his lieutenant appointed to the expedition, and, mindful of the kindness he had himself received from the Vaudois when entangled among the precipices, gave him secret instructions to let the prisoners escape if possible. The vigilance of brother Pietro defeated that design, and they were brought before the military council.

Mancini's camp had been so long under the walls of Susa, and suited the character of that place so well, that camp and town had become in a manner incorporated. A disorderly ease prevailed in both,

and as usual, profligacy walked hand in hand with superstition. The great tent was crowded with officers, young and old, who seemed to have come for nothing but gazing at the prisoners. In the place of honour sat Mancini himself, luxurious, grave, and haughty. An abbot, a Jesuit coadjutor, several other ecclesiastics, and two or three old Castellans of the propaganda, sat on his right, while some senior officers, and the captain of halberdiers among them, stood in a group at his left hand. There was one too standing alone, as if he had no certain place, despite the rich uniform and silver-hilted sword which had rewarded his recent perversion: and that was the shepherd's son.

Humbert Renaud had not been apprised of the Constants' capture, and stood like one thunder-struck, while a scornful smile played on the lips of the officers, who little liked the rustic addition to their number; for Humbert, as a reward for his treachery, had been made a lieutenant. Mancini himself seemed amused, as hard and shallow men will be with things most sad and pitiful, and from some hope of sport, thought proper to begin with Gueslin, by demanding his name, and if he were a heretic?

Here a poor ill-doing peasant, whom the Rosas had often relieved in his distress, and who now stood among the crowd of soldiers and camp followers, which the laxity of free-lance discipline permitted to congregate at the entrance, shouted: "Oh! serene count. Oh! illustrious seigneur! he is a good catholic, and a relation of the noble Castellan Bazzano!"

"Is that true, young man?" said the count.

"My lord," said Gueslin, "it is true that I was brought up in that faith which you call catholic, and that I am related to the Castellan Bazzano; but I have chosen for myself the religion of the Vaudois, and desire to live and die with these my trusty neighbours."

"It is a pity," said Mancini, with affected kindness, "that a youth of your birth and prospects should forget himself with heretic peasants; your own church and sovereign would be more profitable to serve. Was not that gentleman also your neighbour?" and he pointed to Humbert, who had now retired into a corner.

"I knew," said Gueslin, looking full upon him—

"I knew one in his likeness, who stood by my side in the pass of the Pra, when we were six against five hundred; but he was a brave man, fighting for faith and home, and this is a traitor to his people and his God."

"My son," said pastor Joseph, "speak not so warmly; remember he was our brother."

"Art thou the father of that bold varlet?" said the colonel, with involuntary applause in his look.

"Not by nature," said the pastor.

"Who art thou, then?" demanded Mancini, struck by the noble simplicity of the pastor's manner.

"I was once," replied pastor Joseph "a member of that society which calls itself of Jesus. I have been a Vaudois missionary for twenty years, and my name is Joseph de Valencourt." It was even as the venerable pastor had said. Born of an old and high Roman catholic family, he had been trained a member of the order of the Jesuits, and no pains had been spared on his education. The subtle order in which he was enrolled considered

him to be of too bold and frank a character for secret service, but such was their trust in his eloquence, that they sent him into the Vaudois country to oppose and confute Jacob Constant. In the course of that controversy he found it necessary for the first time to study the Vaudois bible, and on his clear and candid mind the truth had prevailed. He openly professed himself a Vaudois, was received by the valley churches, and at last became Jacob Constant's companion in his missionary labours.*

Pastor Joseph's words had startled no one more than they did the Jesuit coadjutor who stood by Mancini's side. He hastily scanned the person of the old man with a scrutinizing glance, and then turning to the general, said in tones of great apparent humility: "Noble count, the name of this unhappy apostate is too well known to us, and richly he has deserved to die a fiery death. But holy mother church is ever pitiful and patient. I crave as a special boon, that he be intrusted to the care of our college at Susa; where peradventure he may yet listen to the loving voice of counsel and wisdom." The Jesuit coadjutor was a man of too much weight and influence for his suggestion to be despised, and Mancini therefore, after a large display of affected consideration, judged it prudent to comply with his request; but his tone entirely changed when he said, addressing the guard who remained in readiness: "Take yonder heretic peasants to the common prison, and tell the governor from me, to see they be safely kept."

Renee had heard the hard truth spoken by Gueslin. She had seen the once brave and high-spirited Humbert steal away like an escaping criminal, unregarded by those for whom he had left his faith and friends, and her woman's heart bled over that sight for years; but the thought of the innocent young Louisin being shut up in the common prison of Susa was something still worse. Gueslin had heard of the prison, as who in the land had not? The worst criminals in Piedmont were there; and it was a place of sin rather than of punishment. He was about to implore for the girls, but entreaties are powerful only with the good, and Renee knew there was but one resource. "My lord," she said, addressing Mancini, "I speak not for myself. As you say, I am but a peasant born, and can go to the common prison; but this girl is of noble blood, and not my sister. Her mother was the wife of Amadeus, late Castellan of Bazzano. The French troops invaded our sovereign's country when she was still a girl; and the people of your religion, for leagues round, sent their families for peace and safety to our valleys. The Lady Adelaize was my father's guest; from him she learned the faith for which you send us this day to prison. A kinsman of her husband betrayed her to the inquisition years after, when she nursed a fatherless babe; but she escaped its officers by flying from her own castle on a winter's night, and wandering to my father's door. The frost and snow of our mountains, through which she had lost her way, were not for

* The above is no imaginary picture of a conversion to protestant truth. The reader conversant with the history of the Vaudois will remember the parallel which it bears to that of Geoffry Vairille, one of the preachers of the valleys, who abandoned the Romish creed under circumstances not unlike the above.

one so fair and delicate. She died in my father's house before the break of day, leaving her child in solemn trust to be brought up a Vaudois, and never to be revealed to her kindred, except there were great cause to tell the tale."*

Here stepped forth from the mingled crowd of priests, soldiers, and laymen, father Bernardo, the confessor of Bazzano's grandmother, and titular superior of the convent of the Holy Manger.

"Noble count," he said, with a very slight reverence, "albeit there is little trust to be placed in such people's stories, the charity of that most Christian lady the marchioness of Susa will, I am sure, rejoice to have those unhappy girls committed to her charge; and, with your permission, I will take upon myself to conduct them to her house, and give you certain warrant for their safety."

The last words were spoken with a meaning look, and Mancini, after balancing matters for a moment in his own mind, said: "So be it, reverend father; we could trust much weightier concerns to you and the marchioness."

Nobody seemed dissatisfied with the arrangement but pastor Joseph, who humbly petitioned to be committed to the common prison with Gueslin, rather than to the Jesuit's care. But Mancini would not hear of such a plan. Gueslin went off well pleased that the Constants had got better quarters; and it was marvellous to see the number of friars, Jesuits, and sisters of mercy, who collected from all sides to form their escort. The little old town of Susa looked much as it does now when the party entered it. Travellers descending from the Vaudois country still know it as the first town of Roman catholic Piedmont, and the stronghold of monks, priests, and eretism. The same narrow, dirty streets are still full of beggars, and always impeded by some procession or other. The same churches and convents are crowded, and the same old windowless houses painted over with legends of Romish saints in the most glaring colours. Time has dealt heavily with these mansions; but in the middle of the seventeenth century they were mostly the dwellings of Piedmontese nobility. The marchioness occupied one in the street of Saint Barbara. No two carriages could possibly pass in it; but the church of "Our lady the Sorrowful," the Jesuit college, the convent of "the Holy Manger," and the house of inquisition were there. The dowager's mansion was of the fortified castellated order, like those in which the nobles were accustomed to besiege each other in Italian cities. At its ponderous iron gate, pastor Joseph, to whom the coadjutor had talked incessantly, said solemnly, "The Lord bless and keep you, my children," as Renee and Louisin heard the portal close behind them and father Bernardo.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT SHELLFISH.

BY A NATURALIST.

It is well known that what naturalists call the *crustacea*, or in other words crabs, lobsters, and the like, change their shells at given intervals, at least until they arrive at a very advanced period of existence. This change is very complete, extend-

ing even to the corner of the eyes, to the lining membrane of the stomach and the grinding teeth, with which that stomach is furnished. During the years of growth, (a period not satisfactorily determined) this change of an unyielding armour is necessary, inasmuch as without it the animal could not increase in size, but would be forced to remain no larger than what it was at first. The effect of the release from a hard unyielding encasement is to allow the expansion of the whole frame, which suddenly pushes forth its growth, and, this being attained, a new coat of armour is acquired, to be cast off again at a subsequent period. This moult of solid armour is termed by naturalists exuviation.

Reaumur, who watched the progress of exuviation on the river crayfish, describes it as attended with many efforts and much struggling. A few days previous to the commencement of the operation, (early in autumn) the creature abstains from all solid nourishment, and the plates of shell on the back and tail will be found to offer less than the usual resistance to the pressure of the finger. Shortly afterwards the crayfish appears restless, and rubs its legs against each other; it then throws itself on its back, agitates its whole body, which appears to become distended, until some of the plates are partially burst and raised. Some degree of rest follows these first struggles, but after a short time the animal again exerts its muscular energy. The back plate is now seen to rise gradually from the legs beneath, and in about half an hour the animal has extricated itself from this portion of its shell. By drawing in its head, the antennæ, the eyes, and the legs are dragged out as from a case, but the extrication of the last, being the most difficult and complicated operation, is not effected without great effort, and occasionally even the loss of one or more limbs—a matter of the less consequence, as they will sprout forth again. The hinder parts are withdrawn with less difficulty, the tail-plates being thrown off by a forward motion, attended with a brisk and stretching action. The creature is now seen divested of its armour, which is cast off, appearing unbroken as if no struggle had ever taken place within it.

In the prawn and the shrimp, the process of exuviation has not, we believe, been rigidly watched.

In the lobster, the circumstances attending exuviation, as detailed by Mr. Couch, are different, and this fact is the more surprising when we consider how closely allied the river crayfish is to the marine lobster. The lobster, to the last, is ravenous and vigorous; and instances have been known in which, enticed by the bait, it has entered into the traps on the very eve of casting its shell, inasmuch that on the fisherman commencing to handle his prize, the animal has slipped away, leaving an empty husk as the only reward of his labour. A circumstance of this kind afforded Mr. Couch the opportunity of giving a minute description of the creature, when it made its escape, (for escape it did) to the no small annoyance of the fisherman, who had calculated on the possession of a prize somewhat above the ordinary magnitude. It does not appear that any extraordinary struggles or contortions have been observed in the lobster when engaged in delivering itself from its trammels, or that the time of moulting is pro-

* See Chapter I.

tracted, as in the case with the river crayfish; moreover, it is certain that when delivered from its shell, it possesses great activity in effecting its escape.

Reverting to the specimen examined by Mr. Couch, it was found that the case of the horns and feelers was perfect to their minutest extremity; the sheath of the eye-stalk, and the transparent covering of the eyes were uninjured; the joints of the back part of the body with the tail plates were all joined together, and the parts beneath the snout, including the jaws, foot-jaws, nipping claws, and legs, with the breast plate, the lining of the stomach, etc. formed one connected portion. But how was the escape of the animal from its too tightly braced armour effected? Through the middle of the great back plate ran a line as straight as if it had been cut with a knife, and evidently formed by a natural process of separation. Through this aperture, when expanded, the animal had made its escape.

In the common crab, the exuviation takes place by a separation of the broad back plate from the under plate, the animal lying on its back at the time; this division being effected, the limbs and other parts are easily withdrawn from their sheath. It must be observed, however, that previously to this process, both in the crab, the lobster, and others, the flesh on the claws of the animal shrinks most considerably, otherwise the contents of the great claws in particular could not be extricated, for it does not appear that the shells of the claws in the crab or lobster are split open. The crab when newly extricated somewhat resembles a lump of dough inclosed in skin, and has at first only sufficient strength to enable it to crawl to some place of safety. There it takes as much fluid as will suffice to distend the whole body and its skin or membrane-like covering, which is now delicate, flexible, and elastic. There is, in short, a sudden expansion of growth, previous to the growth of the fresh plates of armour, which are, of course, adapted to the newly acquired bulk of the animal.

In the earlier stages of life, the exuviation and sudden pushing forward of growth occur several times in the course of the year, but, as the animal advances toward maturity, they take place at more and more distant intervals, till at last exuviation either ceases or occurs only after lengthened periods. We suspect that after a certain time it ceases, because we have ourselves minutely examined a large Norway lobster, whose back plate formed a bed, upon which a multitude of full-grown mussels were firmly attached, like a phalanx in dense array, presenting a curious picture. In the British Museum, specimens of crabs are to be seen, the back plates of which are covered with a close mass of oysters or mussels; and Mr. Couch has found oysters $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, attached to the back plate of living crabs.

It has been stated that the crab, the lobster, and others, devour their cast-off covering; we greatly doubt this. We possess the stomach of a marine crayfish, filled with the fragments, minutely ground, of shell, apparently either of its own species or a lobster; but this does not prove the statement; it merely informs us that these shell-fish prey upon each other, the weaker falling victims to the stronger. We do not, however, posi-

tively deny the fact in question, for we are well aware that the toad rolls up its cast-off cuticle, (changed at certain intervals) and swallows it at a gulp.

There is another curious fact in the history of crustaceans, to which we may here advert; we allude to the power with which they are endowed of reproducing their limbs when lost by accident. The loss of a leg is of little consequence; so little so, that when suddenly alarmed, a lobster will often throw off its claws with a jerk. Indeed, usually when a limb is injured, the animal breaks it off at the joint, second to its junction with the trunk, where the growth the most speedily and certainly commences. No pain seems to follow this strange operation; the wound is soon covered with a delicate skin, and a new claw is in due time produced. It remains, however, unprotected with a hard shell until the next time for changing the whole of it arrives, and the new limb seldom or never acquires the size of the corresponding claw, although equally perfect. An analogous circumstance occurs in many lizards, and especially the gecko, which quickly reproduces a lost tail.

THE MAN OF PERVERTED TALENTS.

WE were seated one hot summer's afternoon in the balcony of our house at Alexandretta, inhaling with great gusto the first cool breath of the sea-breeze, when a servant hastily announced the arrival of a European stranger—a *rara avis* in Scanderoon, and one which we always hailed with pleasure, as lending some variety to the sad monotony of our fever-stricken life. The stranger was shown upstairs, and a venerable yet hale-looking old man, with a firm tread, made his appearance and presented his passport to the consul. That functionary requested the visitor to be seated, and laying aside the document for future inspection, at once entered into conversation with the new visitor. He spoke English as fluently as ourselves, and, as the sequel proved, was as perfectly master of the French, Italian, German, Greek, Turkish, Arabic, and Armenian languages, all of which he read, and wrote, and spoke to perfection.

The old gentleman, for such we considered him, was one of the most agreeable companions we had ever fallen in with, full of anecdote and adventure; but what appeared to us most marvellous of all was, his immense knowledge of countries and people. We talked of old Indian officers long since dead; he had known them as children. We described scenes that had been witnessed by us in our travels in India, Siam, and China; he corrected us whenever we were at fault, and, what completely deprived us of breath, gave us an exact picture of many of our own relations and connexions, who were scattered over all parts of the world. "Who can this be?" was our whispered ejaculation. "It must be the wandering Jew," quoth one. "Yes, or a magician," said another; whilst another jocularly said that he looked like an antediluvian. What confirmed us in this last opinion was, that there were two very old gentlemen, both Frenchmen, and both verging on seventy, residing at Alexandretta. One was a consul, the other a factor; and I know that we

always looked up to them as patriarchs before the arrival of this extraordinary individual. In the course of conversation, however, the stranger chanced to ask us the names of the two gentlemen in question. "Monsieur G—, and Monsieur M—," was our reply. "How strange!" he exclaimed, "I have dandled both on my knees when they were mere infants." Now this was an insult to our reasoning faculties, and we were about to resent the same, perhaps too hastily, when the two old patriarchs alluded to so disrespectfully entered the room, and a few minutes' conversation served to convince us that, however absurd the notion might have at first appeared, this old centenarian had spoken the strict truth, for he was instantly recognised by our new visitors, though apparently with no great cordiality or pleasure on their part.

The evening sped rapidly; the hour for tea arrived; and the whole European population, consisting of some twelve individuals in all, were assembled at our consul's to partake of that refreshing beverage, and swallow with avidity the never-ceasing anecdotes of the stranger. He spoke of his friend the governor of Bombay, and of his intimate the viceroy of Egypt—dwelt lengthily on the Ottoman sultan's amiable qualities—gave anecdotes of the late president of the United States—recollected a ball, a brilliant affair, at the Cape of Good Hope—was stranded in a ship at Madras, waylaid by highwaymen in England, and attacked by the cholera at Calcutta—had learnt to use chopsticks in China—in short, if we had set a map before him, there was hardly a spot that we could point to but that he had visited, and could give a minute description of the locality as well as describe the abodes and persons of the several inhabitants. There was no mistake about his having really been at the places he named, for amongst the guests assembled were ship captains of various nations, whose experience had led them far and wide. All their cross-questions led invariably to one conclusion. The old man was found right, and their memories were found sometimes at fault in comparison with his accurate one.

At length the guests retired for the night, all save the stranger; he was deaf and blind to all hints, and lingered on till the last guest had taken his departure. Then, diving deep into his great-coat pocket, he fetched from thence a huge old pocket-book, from the recesses of which he drew forth a neatly-folded, cleanly-kept letter, which he handed mysteriously to the consul, at the same time audibly whispering to him, "This is the business I am come about." The letter purported to be written by the English foreign-office, and was signed, "Palmerston;" the purport was, that the bearer, Alexis Caffara, had instructions from the British government to load two complete cargoes of timber for ship-building purposes, to be carried hence to Malta, and the consul or consuls were instructed to advance the requisite funds, and draw upon the treasury for the same. Such a mad scheme was never heard of; the consul's face for a few minutes was all blank amazement; but suddenly a light seemed to burst upon his clouded brow, and fetching the passport from where he had in the hurry of the moment deposited it, he carefully perused the *visas* on the back; these were

plentiful, but amongst them was one that brought the whole truth of the matter home to the consul at once.

"Although I have never seen you," said the consul, "my arms have often ached from the multifarious correspondence that has passed through my hands relative to your affairs when I was at Belgrade in such and such a year."

The letter was a well-executed forgery! The wicked old man waited to hear no more, but, mumbling out some unintelligible apology, took himself off with the utmost speed, and next morning, on inquiring for him, we found he was nowhere to be heard of, the fact being that he had thought it safest to decamp during the night; not, however, before he had borrowed a few pounds from a poor ship-chandler, a countryman of his own, whom he had deluded with promises never meant to be fulfilled. And now comes the inquiry, who was this stranger? His story is best told as recounted to us by the French factor before alluded to, who had, at intervals of ten and fifteen years during the last half century, heard of this extraordinary man.

Alexis Caffara, as we shall for convenience sake style him, was a native of Cephalonia, one of the Ionian Islands. When he was born there was no one alive to tell, and he himself had apparently outlived the memory of his childhood. According to his own account, he was verging on a hundred; according to tradition, his years were as many as old Parr's. One thing is certain, that he had quitted his native island whilst quite a youth; he was, we believe, of a wealthy family; at any rate he was made master of a vessel before he had attained his twenty-fifth year, and the first open act of dishonesty that he committed was the running away with it. Doubtless he had bought over the crew to his own views, and held forth to them brilliant prospects of success and immense wealth. However this may be, the owner of the ship had long since given her up as lost, and, if Caffara had any friends alive, they also imagined that he had gone to the bottom with the ship. Caffara, however, who was a capital seaman and good navigator, had proceeded direct with the vessel to some port on the coast of South America, where, disposing of the valuable cargo with which it was freighted, he with the proceeds laid in a large stock of provisions and ammunition, and purchased six guns, besides a supply of small arms. Weighing anchor, he proceeded with as little delay as possible round the Cape of Good Hope, and so to Suez in the Red Sea. How long he remained there, cruising about in search of booty, I am unable to say. From his own account, he had many adventures and narrow escapes from being captured by European cruisers; but even at that period he was as wary as he was roguish. He never by any chance attacked or molested any European vessels, confining the havoc he committed to unfortunate Arab and other native barques. In this manner he had amassed considerable wealth, which he assiduously converted into diamonds and other precious stones; this was to guard against sudden flight, as he could the more easily carry such things about his person. Great success emboldened the man, till he actually had the audacity to attack an Egyptian man-of-

war, which, after a hard contested fight, he succeeded in capturing, and which, after rifling, he burnt down to the water's edge. This outrageous proceeding roused the dormant ire of the viceroy of Egypt. The assistance of the allied powers was sought and procured, and Caffara found himself hemmed in in the Red Sea without any possible outlet for escape. The whole of his original crew had long since deserted or died off, and their vacancies had been supplied by a heterogeneous assortment of Indians, Turks, Arabs, Spaniards, and Portuguese. So well had Caffara employed his leisure hours, that he had mastered every one of these tongues, and actually detained as prisoner on board an unfortunate old Moonshee, who was returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca, for his better instruction in oriental languages.

One fine morning, when it was blowing a fresh gale up the gulf, Caffara discovered to his dismay a large fleet of ships evidently bearing down upon his own vessel. There was now no remedy but to run the latter on shore and fly for refuge into the interior of a barbarous country, though that country was under the jurisdiction of the man whose vessel he had burnt, and who had offered an immense premium for his head. Caffara, however, disguised himself in the costume of a Bedouin. His ship was stranded on a desolate coast not far from Suez, and the crew separated, each one deeming it safest to take a different route. Caffara chose out for himself the least practicable and least frequented path. With a leathern girdle girt round his loins, which contained all his precious stones, a small goat-skin full of water, and a small bag of biscuits securely strapped on to his back, he, with the assistance of a pocket compass and a small chart, securely and uninterruptedly traversed that immense tract of desert lying between Jedda and Gaza, reaching the latter place in safety after twenty days of intense suffering from want, heat, and thirst. At Gaza he encountered some wealthy Turkish merchants returning from their pilgrimage to Mecca. With those he had hoped to drive a good trade, but he had barely disposed of half-a-dozen stones, and accumulated about two hundred pounds, when the greater part of his dishonestly gained riches was for ever lost to him. He had secured a passage on board a native boat proceeding to Latachia, and had shipped his box, which contained all his money, when, in an unguarded hour, he was set upon by a party of Arabs, who had obtained a clue to his secret, and was stripped, beaten, robbed, and left by the sea-shore in such a condition that he had barely sufficient strength left in him to crawl on board the boat, which immediately sailed for Latachia. On arriving at the town last mentioned, his version of the story excited sympathy and pity. He was feelingly spoken of as "a wealthy Indian merchant robbed of the fruits of many years' hard labour!"

Such was Caffara considered in those days, and, though I was then a mere child, I have a distinct recollection of Caffara's having been a guest of my father's, and, moreover, that he was always a great favourite with us children, owing perhaps to his pockets being usually full of comfits and other sweetmeats. - From this period, I heard or saw nothing more of Caffara till I was grown up to man's estate. I had just arrived from France,

where my father had sent me for my education, and had taken lodgings at Aleppo, previous to my establishing myself permanently in business. There was only one other lodger besides myself in the house, an elderly man, and I am now speaking of nearly fifty years ago; this individual was Alexis Caffara. In the long interval that had elapsed since we had met at Latachia, he had led a life of vagrant roguery; he had travelled through Russia, Germany, Prussia, Austria, Holland, Italy, France, and the Swiss cantons; and in every place he had been guilty of crimes which rendered his flight a matter of life and death. He had acquired the extraordinary talent of imitating any handwriting or signature in any given language, with such exactitude that it was next to impossible to detect the forgery. In this manner he had furnished himself with passports, letters of introduction, bills of exchange, and credentials, and, I believe, never in a single instance had he failed in extorting money from his dupes. At that period there were no railways, no electric telegraphs, and Caffara distanced justice by cunning and premeditated schemes.

At the time I am now alluding to, I was entirely ignorant of this man's real character, and consequently gladly availed myself of his patronage and wise counsellings. One day he told me that he had a scheme in his head, which would enable me in a few years to make a large fortune. At midnight he introduced me into an inner chamber, and locked his door. He then touched a spring in a huge chest of drawers; the door flew open and exposed to my admiring gaze heaps of glittering gold and silver coins. The truth at once flashed upon my mind. I pleaded a headache for that night. Next morning I shifted my quarters to the other end of the town, and the false coiner Caffara thought it safest to depart also, after which period there is a vacuum in his history. I believe he went to America, and from thence to China and India. About twelve years ago, however, he appeared upon the field again; he was then in Servia, living somewhere on the banks of the Danube. Here he ingratiated himself so much with the pasha, that that individual advanced him sufficient funds to construct two handsome brigs, which he built with great care and skill; but unhappily, as the pasha thought, they had never recollected that to get these vessels out to sea, they would have to pass over the iron-gates, as a dangerous rocky ledge in the Danube is called. This appeared to the pasha a physical impossibility, for the vessels already drew more water than was to be had on this bar at the highest tide. Not so thought Caffara, who, by the aid of inflated goat-skins, and empty tar barrels, succeeded in accomplishing what had never before been undertaken, and safely floated two huge brigs over the dangerous reef, and into the deep waters of the Danube. This feat alone was sufficient to raise him in the estimation of the Turks. The pasha of Belgrade offered to sell him two complete cargoes of grain, upon his bill of exchange; Caffara accordingly drew a bill on a house, that he well knew had not a fraction of his in their possession. The pasha received the bill, and, happily for himself, dispatched it by an express tartar to Constantinople. Meanwhile the vessels continued loading, and

Caffara, to complete his character, turned hypocrite, attending regularly twice a day at the masses held in the Greek church. This so ingratiated him with the bishop of that communion, that that venerable prelate, who had been long waiting for a favourable opportunity, intrusted to his charge a very large sum of money, destined for the patriarch at Constantinople.

I believe that for once Caffara would have acquitted himself honestly of this charge, had not an unforeseen event retarded his progress down the river. He had arrived as far as Tulcha, near the mouth of the Danube, when orders came to arrest the progress of the vessels, and the infuriated pasha went on board with Caffara's bill in his hand, which had been sent back from Constantinople, endorsed "*not known*." The pasha began to rave and storm, when Caffara, with the utmost sangfroid, told him it was all a mistake; his agents must have been drunk or mad; but, however, that mattered little at the present, as he presumed his excellency would be well contented to receive the money in ready cash. Nothing could exceed the amazement of the pasha at this proposition, and he was of course mollified. Out came the poor bishop's bags of money; the sum was told down in gold; the pasha left the vessel under the firm persuasion that Caffara was a magician, and Captain Alexis Caffara pursued his voyage, and duly arrived at Constantinople. There he met with eminent success in disposing of the cargoes; but not contented with this, he sold his patron's vessels also, and having realized a handsome sum, was on the eve of departure for America, when the authorities of the Greek church got an inkling of the matter; the British consul-general arrested Caffara, his effects were seized, and the money he was found possessed of proved fully adequate to liquidate the claims both of the bishop and of the owner of the vessels, leaving, I believe, a surplus balance in Caffara's favour. As a lenient punishment, however, he was detained eight months in prison. No sooner was he liberated than he went direct to London, to claim redress for what he had the audacity to term a false imprisonment. For two long years he, like an ogre, haunted the officials in Downing-street, till at length, his wrath getting the better of his sagacity, he published a fulminating pamphlet, which caused him to be sent out of the country after a few hours' notice. From that time till I very unexpectedly met him yesterday, I have never heard anything further of the man.

Such was the truthful account given by the French factor, of this extraordinary and miserable old man. The last trick he played, was after leaving us at Alexandretta, and this was by no means the least impudent or ludicrous. The doctor of our quarantine establishment was absent on leave at Smyrna. Knowing that, as a government officer, the doctor was entitled to travel at government expense, Caffara rested a day amongst the mountains, where he occupied himself forging the necessary documents, and had by this means travelled free of expense as far as Adana, where he was being feasted with all honours by the nazir of that establishment, when, who should make his appearance but the veritable Simon, the real doctor of Alexandretta, now on his return to join his station. The

confusion that ensued was ludicrous in the extreme, and there is no saying how all might have terminated, had not the pasha, who was dangerously ill, sent for one of the hakims to attend on him immediately. Old Caffara refused to go, on the plea of being too much fatigued, but availing himself of the other's departure, he left the amazed nazir wrapped in a brown study, and stealing forth to his khan, mounted his horse, and was far away before nightfall, or before any were aware of his movements: departing so secretly that not even the muleteer had any notion of his leaving. The old centenarian, spurred on by guilt, thus actually undertook to traverse the wilds of Asia Minor alone, and without even a compass to guide him. Grey hairs, we are told on the highest authority, are a crown of glory to their wearer, if they are found in the path of righteousness. On the other hand, no spectacle is more melancholy than that of a wicked old man. The abilities with which the subject of our sketch had been gifted, were sufficient, uprightly exercised, to have secured him a social position of usefulness and honour, but in his case they were utterly perverted and abused. Even in this world, however, sin finds out its victim. A course of unrepented wickedness seldom fails, sooner or later, to bring with it disastrous consequences. So Caffara himself was made to discover. He never returned from the journey upon which he had set out.

How he perished, or whether he died of want and fatigue, is unknown to man; parts, however, of his mangled carcase were found by the guardians who had been despatched from Adana to overtake and bring him back. But dogs and jackals had found the dead man long before their arrival. Unhappy man, *he had thrown away a lifetime!*

A VISIT TO WALMER CASTLE IN NOVEMBER, 1852.

ONLY a few brief days had passed away since the mortal remains of the Duke of Wellington had been laid within the chamber of the dead; the gorgeous yet solemn ceremonial, the prolonged strains of funeral music, the silent mourning, and the deep, still homage of the assembled multitude—all were yet present to us in their fresh and mournful vividness, when we set out to visit Walmer Castle, the last earthly home of the illustrious hero—the spot from whence his spirit winged its flight to that unseen world whither it has been followed by a nation's love and a nation's tears.

After driving through Walmer, a common-place sort of English village, our road lay through one or two open fields which brought us in sight of Walmer Castle. There it stood in its grave massive strength, a fortress of the olden times; its grey castellated walls pierced through with a few small windows, and encompassed by deep ditches and low outer walls. The bare ruggedness of the building was relieved by the pleasant verdure which filled its ditches as well as by the grateful freshness of some evergreens which had been planted close by.

We stood a moment beside the drawbridge,

gazing at the low Saxon archway whose portals had been so recently opened for the final exit of its illustrious warden. We longed to enter in; but there was a deathlike muteness about the spot which seemed to forbid our making the attempt. We felt ourselves to be standing near the precincts of mourning: so, pursuing our way, we walked along a broad gravel walk which wound its way around the moated walls. A pleasant walk it was, bordered by trees and flowering shrubs, whose blossoms reflected the sober brightness of a mid-day winter sun. In a few minutes, we found ourselves on an open terrace, commanding a long line of the seashore, and whose low parapet was bristling with guns. It was a spot which one felt must have been a favourite walk of the Duke's; and one could fancy him standing there, and gazing forth upon that broad, tumultuous ocean which had borne him onwards to victory and to fame. A little further on, we entered a copse, where we met a woman gathering sticks, the only living being who was to be seen about the place; and having ascertained from her that strangers were now admitted within the castle, we retraced our steps, crossed the drawbridge, and rang at the door for admittance.

We were guided over the castle by a very civil and respectable servant, clad in mourning, the housemaid of the establishment. The internal arrangements were of the most simple character; the staircase narrow, the rooms small and low, their aspect quaint and old-fashioned, and their form irregular, owing chiefly to the narrow splayed windows which have been pierced in recent times through the enormously thick walls. A single apartment has been left, in which, according to the original construction, no light is admitted, save through a small window in the roof. So gloomy was its aspect, that one felt how welcome to the inmates must have been the modern improvements effected throughout the other parts of the castle. The furniture of the bedrooms was old-fashioned, and far less handsome than is found in our modern dwelling-houses even of an ordinary kind. Every window curtain and bed hanging was of a pale yellow moreen; our guide said that it was the Duke's favourite colour. Close round each grate was drawn a heavy crimson curtain, suspended on a brass rod, fastened beneath the mantelpiece. These, she said, were placed by his desire to prevent a draught when there was no fire in the grate, and also to protect from the heat when too bright a flame was glowing upon the hearth.

She led us on from one chamber to another, pointing out the apartments that had been appropriated to the Queen, Prince of Wales, and other illustrious personages of an older date. At any other time, those reminiscences would have been interesting to us; but, at this moment, one being alone filled up with his image every corner of this ancient castle, and our hearts beat with solemn emotion as the servant placed her key silently and slowly in the lock of that chamber where he had breathed his last. She did not tell us so, but her manner and her look needed no vocal language to express their meaning. Each one entered with soft and silent step; each one gazed around with earnest yet chastened interest. It was a small square room, of sober yet cheerful aspect, two of

the deep-set windows, already described, imparting to it a quaint irregularity of form. These were placed at opposing angles of the apartment, and opened out upon the battlements. One of them, reaching to the ground, formed the exit by which the Duke was wont to pass every morning, except when prevented by inclemency of weather, out of his chamber, across the battlements to the dining parlour, where he breakfasted. The greater part of the day—our guide told us—he used to spend in his own apartment, which was his study as well as sleeping-room. Every thing remained just as when he occupied it: nothing had been removed but the bibles and the large blue book (containing the report of the Oxford commission), which had been his study until the last day of his life. These, together with the leather pillow on which he always rested, had been removed by the duteous and affectionate care of the present Duke. All else remained in their wonted places.

At one side of the apartment stood a high old-fashioned bookcase with open shelves, which contained chiefly historical works of a modern date—the Duke of Wellington's own Despatches, Edgeworth's Tales, and a few other standard volumes. On one of the lower shelves, close to his bed, lay Crewdson's abridgment of Baxter's Saints' Rest, and an old well-worn book of Common Prayer. We opened these with reverence and hope, trusting that he whose spirit was now in the unseen world had studied their pages with that humility and prayer, which are as needful to the mightiest warrior and statesman as to the lowly and unlettered village child. Along-side of the bookcase stood, uncanopied and uncurtained, the Duke's small iron camp bedstead, whereon lay a thin mattress, the only one he ever used, with its covering of blankets and dark counterpane of silk, lined with flannel; the colour of the quilt being of green, shot with a golden hue. Not far from the soldier's couch was placed an old-fashioned, high-backed arm-chair, covered with yellow calico. This was the seat habitually used by the Duke when he was reading or writing in his own room. This was the resting-place in which he drooped and—died. While gazing upon it, one could not help feeling how awfully near in point of time are oftentimes the occupations of life and the great realities of eternity. How close their connection; and how enduring the results of our world-day's work, whatever may have been its aim, and the spirit in which it has been performed! Near this honoured chair stood a small mahogany reading-table, on which was a reading-desk, covered with coarse green baize. Here, the servant said, always lay the "Blue Book," which the Duke, with his usual determination to accomplish whatever fell within the limits of his duty, sedulously studied, from a desire to ascertain, as chancellor of Oxford, the result of the commissioners' inquiries at that university.

The furniture of the Duke's room was still more homely than that of any other apartment in the castle. Within a pair of folding-doors was a recess in the wall, upon whose hanging shelf lay the washing apparatus of the simple, Spartan-like man. All was of the plainest sort; common alike in design and fabric. A small white saucer lay beside the basin, for soap, etc.; and pointing to that as well as to a common-looking tumbler, our

guide observed that the Duke never would allow any others to be placed there, adding that "he wished every one else to have things nice and comfortable, for he was the kindest of masters to his servants; but that he was particular about his own things not being changed." A large, solid, rush-bottomed chair which occupied a place in the apartment was put there, she said, by his desire, and she added, that he wished to have one in every room for the servants to stand upon when necessary, as he thought it unsafe to mount up on smaller and lighter chairs. The only ornament in the Duke's chamber was a beautiful print of his godson Prince Arthur—a lovely picture of infantine grace and innocence; and one upon which the old man gazed, doubtless, many a time with hope and love.

There was a solemn, mournful pleasure in finding ourselves within this apartment, where the greatest man of the 19th century had so recently breathed, and thought, and acted, and died: we were in no haste to quit a scene so full of the recollections and memorials of his being; and happily for us, our guide was not one of those who mechanically hurry visitors along through the routine of sight-seeing. She evidently loved the memory of her late illustrious master, and liked to tell of his kindness to those around him. So we lingered awhile on the threshold of that apartment which had received his latest sigh, and then followed her through a small breakfast parlour into the dining-room, a plain and moderate-sized apartment, over whose mantel-piece was a large print of the Queen on horseback—a spirited and graceful portrait, set in one of those narrow frames of bird's-eye maple which it is known the Duke habitually selected for his favourite pictures. Around the walls were hung portraits of the several wardens of the castle, many of them persons of note and of renown; but on none did the eye rest with such reverent admiration as on that of the latest and most illustrious amongst them, the Duke of Wellington. The furniture of this apartment was extremely plain. Amongst other articles were two large deal side tables, covered with cloth, which, we were told, had been placed there by the Duke's desire. The drawing-room was a large and pleasant apartment, of more modern date than the rest of the castle. It was furnished with yellow damask. The only object of *vertu* which we observed was a beautiful statuette of Jenny Lind, by the count d'Orsay.

We were next led out upon the battlement, from whence there is a wide prospect of the ocean, as well as an extended view of the coast in the opposite directions of Dover and Deal. Here, as might be expected, the Duke loved to pace up and down; and our guide described very graphically his intense anxiety and watchfulness one day last summer, when the Queen was expected to pass up the channel on her way to Belgium. The Duke remained on the battlements a considerable time, looking out for the royal squadron, and had a large telescope carried out to obtain the earliest view of it; but all in vain, no vessel came in sight; so the Duke at length retired to his apartment. Very soon, however, he was informed by his personal attendant that the royal squadron was in sight; whereon he hastened to the battlement

and strained his sight to gain a view of the Queen's yacht; but it was too distant to meet his failing vision. Feeling himself, nevertheless, to be in his sovereign's presence, the chivalrous old man took off his hat and remained uncovered. Meanwhile, the servants had assembled on the upper battlement for the same purpose as their illustrious master, and the Duke looking up and seeing them there, smiled. After passing up and down a few minutes, "the dear old gentleman," she said, "looked up again and smiled, as if he was glad to perceive they were all still there." She added that when the royal squadron came higher up the channel, Prince Albert came on shore to visit the Duke at Walmer Castle.

We inquired of her whether the Duke had many Waterloo men in his service. "Yes," she replied; "but of late years, most of them have died off. There," continued she, pointing to an old man sauntering slowly through the shrubbery—"there is one of them: and the poor old gentleman frets sadly for the Duke's death." We gazed down upon the aged veteran, as he crept silently along, wrapped up in his great-coat, with his head drooping upon his breast, his arms folded, and his eyes bent fixedly on the ground. It was evident that the winter blossoms bloomed not for him, and that this world's sunshine no longer rejoiced his heart. It was a touching sight; and the image of the aged soldier's silent mourning for his illustrious chief, must ever be closely associated with the remembrance of our visit to Walmer Castle; a visit which, no less than the splendid testimony of a nation's grief, served effectually to convince us how beloved and honoured the Duke of Wellington had been in life—how deeply lamented and gratefully remembered in death.

TURN THE CARPET;

OR, THE TWO WEAVERS.

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN DICK AND JOHN.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touch'd upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

"What with my brats and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life:
So hard my work, so poor my fire,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine! his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree:
Why all to him? why none to me?"

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the parson preaches,
This world (indeed I've thought so long)
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppress'd,
And all the wicked are the bless'd."

Quoth John: "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can see below.

"See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass it makes one stare!

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say, no meaning's there convey'd;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick: "My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout;
Why, man, that *carpet's inside out*."

Says John: "Thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman is divine.

"What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd,
For then the *carpet shall be turn'd*."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."*

BIRMINGHAM AND HER MANUFACTURES.

VI.—GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.—HOOKS AND EYES.—PINS.

WE are now off as far as Graham-street—it is but a few minutes' walk—to Mr. GilloTT's pen manufactory, to satisfy our curiosity on the subject of steel pen making. The substantial and handsome building in which the business is carried on gives token of the order and cleanliness we shall find within. We are given at once in charge of an intelligent guide, who, having pointed out the manner in which the metal—a fine steel—is rolled to the required thinness in a rolling-mill, conducts us up-stairs, where we are introduced to a long gallery, clean, lofty, and airy, furnished with long

rows of the identical presses used in the button-making, and each one in charge of what appear to be the same identical young persons—as pleasing looking, healthy, and happy as we could wish them to be. They are all making pens, however, and not buttons, and we must see what they are about. The first to whom we are introduced, has a long ribbon of the rolled metal in her left hand, from which she is cutting blanks, each of which is to become a pen, at the rate of twenty to thirty thousand a-day. The ribbon of metal is something less than three inches in width. Having cut as many pens from one side of it as the whole length—about six feet—will furnish, she turns it over and cuts her way back again, so managing it that the points of the pens cut in going down the second side shall fall in the interstices between the points cut in traversing the first side. By this means nearly the whole of the metal is cut into pens, and but a very insignificant remnant is left. The next operator receives these flat blanks, and subjecting each one separately to a similar press, armed with a different-cutting implement, pierces the central hole and cuts the two side slits. Our attention is now drawn to a beautiful machine, which, under the management of a young man, performs at once both the operations above described, cutting the pen from the metal, and piercing the hole, and giving the side slits all at one pressure, with astonishing rapidity and regularity—though not producing pens equal in quality to those made by separate processes.

The pens are as yet but flat pieces of metal, and that of a very hard and unmanageable temper; they have to be bent into cylinders and semi-cylinders, and to induce them to submit to that, they are now heated and considerably softened in an oven. On emerging from the oven, they are stamped with the maker's name on the back; this is accomplished very rapidly by means of a die, which the operator works with his foot. Now comes the most important transformation they undergo; a young girl pops them consecutively into another of the omni-performing presses, from which they come forth as semi-cylinders, or if being "magnum bonums," or of a kind perfectly cylindrical, an additional pressure in another press finishes the barrel. We have now to follow the pens down-stairs to the mouth of a small furnace or oven, where a man is piling them together in small iron boxes with loose covers, and arranging them in the fire, where they are heated to a white heat, and then suddenly withdrawn and plunged into a pan of oil. This ordeal renders them so extremely brittle that they may be crumbled to pieces between the fingers. They are now placed in cylinders, not unlike coffee-roasters, made to revolve over a fire, by which they are in a great measure freed from the oil. After this, they are consigned to the care of men whose business it is to temper them by a process of gradual heating over a coke fire until the metal is thoroughly elastic. The next process is one conducted on a rather large scale; the object of it is to rub down the roughness resulting from the various treatment they have undergone, and to impart a perfect smoothness to every portion of their surface. For this purpose they are packed in large quantities in tin cans, together with a considerable amount of

* Hannah More.

sawdust; these cans are made to revolve horizontally at a great rate, by means of steam; the pens triturate each other, owing to the rapid motion, and the sawdust takes up the impurities which they disengage. They come forth from these cans thoroughly scoured and semi-polished, and are now taken to the grinding-room. This is a large apartment, where a number of small grinding-wheels, or "bobs," are whizzing round under the impetus of steam, each one of them in charge of a young man or woman, and each projecting a stream of sparkling fire as the pens are momentarily applied to their surfaces. This grinding is a most essential process, inasmuch as the pliability of the pen depends upon its proper performance; the object is to increase the flexibility of the metal of the pen at a point just above the central slit, by reducing its substance. The operator seizes the pen with a pair of nippers, not unlike a small pair of curling-irons in shape, applies the back of it to the wheel for one moment, and the affair is over. Previous to the process of grinding, however, most, if not all, the pens manufactured at this establishment are slightly coated with varnish diluted with a volatile spirit; it is this which gives them the rich brown hue that so much improves their appearance, and at the same time preserves them from rust. After the grinding, they are subjected, for the last time, to the operation of the press, at which a young girl completes the manufacture of the pen by giving it the central slit, without which it would never be in a condition to rival the goose-quill. The operation of slitting, precise and delicate as it is, is so simplified by the ingenious contrivance with which the press is armed, that it is performed with a rapidity almost rivalling that of the simplest operation—a single hand slitting nearly a hundred gross a-day. Nothing further now remains to be done, save a trifling cleansing process, which frees the pens from the stain of the hand, after which they are packed in boxes for sale.

It is impossible to walk through this establishment without receiving most agreeable impressions. The work-rooms, spacious, lofty, and airy, clean as a private residence, and bathed in a flood of light, offer a remarkable contrast to the foul and unwholesome dens into which it is the shameful custom of too many employers in London to cram their unfortunate dependants. The main element regarded in the construction of the building has evidently been the health and comfort of the immense number of young people of both sexes there congregated for the purpose of labour. Neither have moral considerations been lost sight of: the females are, for the most part, secluded from the males; and where this cannot be entirely effected, a constant supervision insures the preservation of decorum. The result of these excellent arrangements is apparent in the healthy, cheerful aspect and unexceptionable demeanour of the operatives of both sexes; and there is little doubt but that it is equally apparent in the balance-sheet of the spirited proprietor, who is aware that humanity is a cheap article on the whole, and one that is pretty sure to pay in the long run.

Of the amount of business done on these premises, we cannot give the reader a better idea than by stating the fact, that above one hundred millions of pens are here produced annually, which gives an

average of between thirty and forty thousand for every working day.

One of the Hansom cabs, with which Birmingham is well supplied, soon transports us to the hooks and eyes factory of Mr. Cutler, of which we must endeavour if possible, though it is by no means easy, to give the reader an adequate idea. But for the kindness of the young gentleman who showed us round, we should have come out of the factory as wise as we went in; he had the politeness to retard the action of the machinery, and thus render intelligible a process which otherwise, from the rapidity of its execution, would have defied our scrutiny. Hooks and eyes, a sort of first-cousins to the buttons, are useful little contrivances with which every child is familiar; though few philosophers, we imagine, have any idea how they are produced. Let us see if we can render the business intelligible. We had half expected to see the universal hand-press employed in this manufacture, as in so many others, but were agreeably disappointed. Instead of a simple press, a number of small machines, each not much bigger than a portable writing desk, but of very complicated construction, and characterised by a series of rapid, eccentric, and beautiful movements, were ranged in rows, and all driven by steam power, in a state of marvellous activity. To begin at the beginning: let the reader suppose the wire from which the hooks and eyes are made, to have been drawn to the proper size, and coiled round a kind of spinning-wheel standing at the back of the machine. The machine once set in action (we will suppose it an eye-making machine) requires little or no superintendence, but unwinds the wire from the wheel as fast as it wants it, and deposits it in a receptacle beneath in the form of finished "eyes," at a rate rather faster than one a second. The wire entering at a small orifice in a steel-plate at the left hand side of the machine, is gradually propelled forwards from left to right, in the course of which journey it is not visible to the spectator: when it reaches a certain point in its progress, and at which it is visible, a portion sufficient for the formation of an eye is suddenly cut off by a small descending blade; at the same instant a small cylindrical steel nipple falls upon the centre of the detached inch of wire, and bends the central loop, while, at the precise moment two smaller nipples, one on each side, project above, round which the ends of the wire are firmly coiled by simultaneous blows from a couple of lateral punches. The "eye" is now completed; but there it would remain fast coiled round the three nipples, occupying the place of the next comer, were it not for the appearance of a little spider-looking claw, which springs forward like a hunter upon his prey, and dashes it off into the drawer beneath, along with thousands of its predecessors. Each of these machines will work at the rate of four thousand an hour, and a single person may superintend half a dozen of them. The hooks are formed in the same room by machines precisely similar in outward appearance, but differing of course in internal structure; two machines are however generally required for the hook: the first forms it in the shape of an eye without the central loop, but with a long double wire in the place of it; the second is a simple

press with which a female bends the hooks to the required shape; this press, however, like the machines, is worked by steam, and we noticed that the narrow bar of steel which bends the hook, descending about a hundred times a minute, worked considerably faster than the girl could contrive to feed it, although she showed astonishing skill in the rapid use of both hands.

On ascending another flight of stairs, we were shown into a room where both operations of the hook-making process were instantly performed by a single machine, under the personal superintendence of the inventor. The machines for this double process are still more complicated in their structure, and from their great rapidity of motion, making above a hundred complete hooks in a minute, are all the less comprehensible by a stranger. The young man whose invention they are, informed us that they might be worked at the rate of 150 a minute; they present a remarkable triumph of mechanical skill, and it is difficult, while watching their beautiful evolutions, to get rid of the idea that there is some inherent intelligence within them, and to realize the fact that all these complicated motions are generated by the aid of mechanical appliances, from the up-and-down movement of the piston-rod of a steam-engine.

We need scarcely mention that hooks and eyes, being made of different kinds of wire, have after processes to undergo, such as japanning, scouring, and sometimes silvering; nor need we describe the means by which this is accomplished, as in the sketch of the button-making we have detailed an analogous process.

The reader will now follow us to the large and busy establishment of Messrs. Edleston and Williams, where, by the courtesy of the proprietors, we are about to witness the arts of wire-drawing and pin-making. Though this firm consume an immense quantity of wire daily, in the manufacture of pins of every possible size and description, their operations in wire-drawing are by no means limited to their own consumption; they have to supply a large demand made by other houses for wire of all diameters, from that used for garden-fences, or the electric telegraph, down to that of the finest gauge, a single pound of which measures above fifteen hundred yards, or nearly seven-eighths of a mile.

The iron to be drawn into wire comes from the iron-makers in long coiled rods about half an inch in diameter. The first step towards making these into wire, is to point one end of each of the rods; they are then put into a large tun-shaped vessel of cast-iron, which by means of steam power is made to revolve rapidly in cold water for the space of ten hours, at the end of which time they are purified from all objectionable matter. The rods, thus cleansed, are now drawn through a succession of holes in hard steel plates, until they are reduced to the required thinness; while drawing, it is coiled round cylindrical blocks, and the speed at which it is drawn depends upon the diameter of the wire, the finest gauges travelling quickest. After the wire is drawn, it has to be annealed; and for this purpose it is piled, two or three tons at a time, in an annealing pot of cast-iron, seven or eight feet deep and a yard in diameter: here it remains subjected to the action of the fire for seven hours,

when it is drawn forth and allowed to cool. It has now to be cleansed, which is done by immersing it in a solution of sulphuric acid. We have seen, during our rambles in Birmingham, the drawing of iron, copper, brass, silver, and gold wire: so far as concerns the drawing alone, the same process is applicable to all. Wires may be coated with other metal with astonishing rapidity: thus tinned wire is produced by drawing it through boiling tin, first preparing it by immersion in acids.

Having now got possession of the wire, we can proceed to the pin-making. Pins are yet manufactured by two different processes—the old-fashioned one of hand-labour and by machinery. The first spectacle to which we were introduced in the pin-making department of this establishment, overthrew all our old notions on the subject. We had perused accounts of the whole process in days long gone by, and naturally looked for the wire-cutters, the grinders, the headers, etc., etc. whose wondrous operations were always quoted as so powerfully exemplifying the advantages of the division of labour. What was our astonishment on beholding, instead of the division of labour among numerous living hands, the complete monopoly of every department of the pin-making process, by one small machine! The contrivance of this machine is originally due to an American, but it has undergone much improvement in the hands of the Messrs. E. & W. Happily, we are not called upon to explain its construction; in appearance it somewhat resembles the hook-and-eye machines already noticed, though it is a trifle larger, being about the size of a lady's work table. The wire, as in the case of the hooks and eyes, is coiled in considerable quantities round a rude kind of wheel in the rear; it is uncoiled and drawn away as it is wanted, by the motion of the machine, which first straightens it by dragging it through a series of small perpendicular rods—then cuts it into shafts, or pieces of sufficient length to form a pin; this process, as well as that of straightening the wire, is for the most part visible; but the several pieces or shafts then disappear among the intricacies of the minute and rapidly acting machinery. We catch a glimpse of them glimmering here and there, but cannot identify the different stages of their formation; they are hurried on rapidly in the embrace of numberless polished steel members of the creative engine; but we fail to detect at what part of their progress they are severally ground to a point so fine as to pierce the flesh at the slightest contact, or where the head of each is moulded or punched in an elegant form from the solid metal. Enough to say that, from an aperture beneath the right-hand corner of the machine, they are pattering like rain (and completely finished in every respect, with the exception of the silvering,) into a box beneath, at the rate of two hundred and thirty per minute!

Besides these machines, several of which we saw in operation, manufacturing pins of different sizes, some so small as hardly to exceed a third of an inch in length, there were various other machines of a less complex structure, employed in the different processes, some performing single operations and some double ones, formerly performed by hand. Thus there are machines for cutting shafts, solely—others for cutting and grinding—and others again for heading. Strange as it may appear too,

amid the scene of such startling improvements, the old mode of manufacture by hand labour is not altogether abandoned; we saw a man grinding the points of pins by hand, a feat which exhibits no small amount of dexterity; he takes a handful of the short wires in his left hand, in a moment has their ends evenly arranged along the whole length of his palm, and keeping them constantly revolving by a lateral motion of his right hand upon their surface, presents the whole row at once to the broad edge of a wheel whizzing round at the rate of 6000 revolutions a minute; in a few seconds all are ground to a point, and he is ready to repeat the ceremony.

Most pins, as our readers know, are made from brass wire; but nearly all have to be silvered, as it is called, before they are ready for the market. This whitening of the pins is for the most part accomplished by a preparation of tin, with the use of acids; though for the more expensive sorts silver is actually used. Mourning pins are generally made of iron wire, and, like the hooks and eyes, are immersed in a jappanning mixture, and dried over a fire to give them their black dress. The pins being now completely manufactured, it remains to stick them on the paper, upon which, as everybody knows, they generally make their appearance before the public. This last process too, odd as it may seem, is here accomplished by a machine. Some thousands of the shining pins are thrown into a vessel formed of two plates of tin shelving downwards towards the centre, where, however, they do not touch, leaving a space between them sufficiently wide for the shanks or shafts of the pins to fall through, but not wide enough to admit the heads. The pins, thus dangling points downwards, are by some to us incomprehensible movements drawn through and disappear, and immediately present themselves, points foremost, and arranged in dozens with equal intervals between each, to the paper which a female holds in her fingers ready folded for their reception; the whole two dozen which constitute a row are stuck through the paper at once; another row comes forward immediately, and the whole number of rows which go to a paper of pins are stuck in a very few minutes.

By the old method of pin-making, the heads were manufactured separately and fastened to the pin by a blow; the head is now formed from the metal of the shank, and consequently cannot separate from it. The number of pins made in this establishment is almost incredible; they have been calculated to amount to about six millions in a day, which would give above eight thousand a minute, supposing the day's work to average twelve hours. The machinery in operation is made on the premises, under the inspection and frequently from the designs of the proprietors.

THE LITTLE WORD "No."—Last winter I spent a short time in a pleasant family. They were wealthy, influential, and, so far as I could judge, a Christian family. The father had at different times occupied a prominent place in legislative and judiciary departments. He held office in the church he had erected, and preserved through years of trial, that made him prematurely gray, the

family altar; and, as one who knew him well remarked, it was doubtful if a shadow could be cast upon his character. He was honourable and upright in business; courteous, kind, and forbearing in his intercourse with the world. The mother, an estimable woman, professed herself willing to do and suffer for Christ, hoping to die and reign with him. The only daughter was a mild, lovely girl; but the sons—and here was a mystery. The eldest, a child of uncommon promise, entered at an early age upon a vicious career of drinking, gambling, and licentiousness, which ended in forgery and crime, until he was cast out of the family circle as one unknown. The second, following in his footsteps, was awaiting in the county jail a trial that might sentence him for years to the State's prison. Children of prayer, of pious teaching and example, the fact was to me inexplicable. I expressed my wonder in the hearing of an old man who had long known them. Said he, "I can explain in a few words; it is from the father's want of power to say—No."

When they were beautiful children, and it needed but a word to guide them, he neglected to say No. As years rolled on, and he noticed the first steps in the way of wrong-doing, he excused them on the plea of youthful exuberance of spirits. And when they went too far, and he strove to curb them, the boys by caressing, arguing, or bickering, had their own way, for it grieved him to say No. In after years, when their souls were stained with crime—when, with all the yearnings of a father's heart, he took them again to his home, striving by gentleness to win them to the way of life, he dared not say No.

Christian parent, learn to pronounce at proper times this simple word, No. On it, under God, may depend the welfare and happiness of your children for time and eternity.

THE DIFFERENCE.—As a gentleman was walking in the street, he saw at some distance ahead half-a-dozen men proceeding with slow and measured step to their day's work. In a minute or two he overtook them, and soon looked back upon them far in the distance. "What makes the difference?" said he to himself; "I was the son of a poor labouring man. Why am I not like these men, now plodding on in the same condition of poverty and toil? Evidently for the same reason that I have left them all behind me. From my earliest childhood, whenever I had anything to do, I have done it with my might, whether working 'by the day,' or 'by the job.' These men are working for others, I suppose *by the day*. They take a 'slow and easy' motion. They will plod on so through life, and never rise any higher. If we would win the prize, we must run for it."

HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEKEEPING.—"Do you think," said Mr. Denison, M. P., at Wakefield, "that her Majesty is anxious that her sugar should cost her 10d. per lb. when she may get it for 5d.?" I can assure you, and I do not speak off the book, that her Majesty pays her bills as regularly as any man I address. (Applause.) Nay, I tell you more. She knows the price of every article she orders before she orders it. She does not order on credit and take the chance of being able to pay; and she sets her subjects in this respect, as in many others, a most excellent example, which I wish they would all follow."

Anecdotes of the Early Life of Daniel Webster, the American Statesman.

FROM LANMAN'S "PRIVATE LIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER."

THE COTTON POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.

At an early period of his life it was that his eyes first fell upon the constitution of the United States, of which he subsequently became the *chief expounder and defender*. And what is truly remarkable, is the fact that this particular copy was printed upon an imported cotton pocket-handkerchief, according to a fashion of the time, which he chanced to stumble upon in a country store, and for which he paid, out of his own pocket, all the money he had, twenty-five cents. The evening of the day on which he obtained the document was wholly devoted to its close and attentive perusal, while seated before the fire, and by the side of his father and mother. What dreamer, on that night, could have seen the result of that accident, or marked out the future career of that New Hampshire boy?

HIS REMARKABLE MEMORY.

In his fifteenth year he was privileged to spend some months with one of the more prominent clergymen of the day, the Rev. Samuel Woods, who lived at Boscawen, and prepared boys for college at one dollar a week, for tuition and board. During his stay with Dr. Woods, he was apparently very neglectful of his academic duties, but never failed to perform all his intellectual tasks with great credit. On one occasion the tutor thought proper to give his scholar Daniel a scolding for spending too much of his time upon the hills and along the streams, hunting and fishing. The task assigned to him for his next recitation was one hundred lines of Virgil; and as he knew that his master had an engagement on the following morning, an idea occurred to him, and he spent the entire night poring over his books. The recitation hour finally arrived, and the scholar acquitted himself of his hundred lines and received the tutor's approbation. "But I have a few more lines that I can recite," said the boy Daniel. "Well, let us have them," replied the doctor; and forthwith the boy recited off another hundred lines. "Very remarkable," said the doctor; "you are indeed a smart boy." "But I have another," said the scholar, "and five hundred of them, if you please." The doctor was, of course, astonished, but, as he bethought him of his engagement, he begged to be excused, and added, "You may have the whole day, Dan, for pigeon shooting."

HIS SKILL AS A LAWYER.

"Soon after commencing the practice of my profession at Portsmouth," he says, "I was waited on by an old acquaintance of my father's, resident in an adjacent country, who wished to engage my professional services. Some years previous, he had rented a farm, with the clear understanding that he could purchase it, after the expiration of his lease, for one thousand dollars. Finding the said farm productive, he soon determined to own it, and, as he laid aside money for the purpose, he was prompted to improve what he felt certain he would possess. But his landlord finding the property greatly increased in value, coolly refused to receive the one thousand dollars, when in due time it was presented; and when his extortionate demand of double that sum was refused, he at once brought an action of ejectment. The man had but the one thousand dollars, and an unblemished reputation, yet I willingly undertook his case.

"The opening argument of the plaintiff's attorney left me little ground of hope. He stated that he could prove that my client hired the farm, but there was not a word in the lease about the sale, nor was there a word spoken about the sale when the lease was signed, as he should prove by witness. In short, his was a clear case, and I left the court-room at dinner-time with feeble hopes of success. By chance, I sat at table next a newly-commissioned militia officer, and a brother lawyer began to joke him about his lack of martial knowledge. 'Indeed,' he jocosely remarked, 'you should write down the orders, and get old W—— to beat them into your scone, as I saw him this morning, with a paper in his hand, teaching something to young M—— in the court-house entry.'

"Can it be, I thought, that old W——, the plaintiff in the case, was instructing young M——, who was his reliable witness?

"After dinner the court was reopened, and M—— was put on the stand. He was examined by the plaintiff's counsel, and certainly told a clear, plain story, repudiating all knowledge of any agreement to sell. When he had concluded, the opposite counsel, with a triumphant glance, asked me if I was satisfied? 'Not quite,' I replied.

"I had noticed a piece of paper protruding from M——'s pocket, and hastily approaching him, I seized it before he had the least idea of my intention. 'Now,' I asked, 'tell me if this paper does not detail the story you have so clearly told, and is it not false?' The witness hung his head with shame; and when the paper was found to be what I had supposed, and in the very hand-writing of old W——, he lost his case at once. Nay, there was such a storm of indignation against him that he soon removed.

"Years afterward, visiting New Hampshire, I was the guest of my professional brethren at a public dinner; and toward the close of the festivities, I was asked if I would solve a great doubt by answering a question. 'Certainly,' 'Well, then, Mr. Webster, we have often wondered how you knew what was in M——'s pocket.'

HIS RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

"Some years ago," says Francis Hall, esq., of the "New York Commercial Advertiser," "we had the pleasure of spending several days in company with Mr. Webster, at the residence of a mutual friend, Harvey Ely, esq., at Rochester. During that intercourse we had more than one opportunity of conversing on religious subjects, sometimes on doctrinal points, but more generally on the importance of the Holy Scriptures as containing the plan of man's salvation through the atonement of Christ. So far as our knowledge of the subject extends, Mr. Webster was as orthodox as any man we ever conversed with.

"On one occasion when seated in the drawing-room with Mr. and Mrs. Ely, Mr. Webster laid his hand on a copy of the Scriptures, saying, with great emphasis, '*This is the Book!*' This led to a conversation on the importance of the Scriptures, and the too frequent neglect of the study of the Bible by gentlemen of the legal profession, their pursuits in life leading them to the almost exclusive study of works having reference to their profession. Mr. Webster said, 'I have read through the entire Bible many times. I now make a practice to go through it once a year. It is the book of all others for lawyers as well as for divines; and I pity the man that cannot find in it a rich supply of thought, and of rules for his conduct. It fits man for life—it prepares him for death!'

HIS TENDERNESS TO ANIMALS.

The writer was once enjoying a morning walk with Mr. Webster over his Marshfield grounds, when we were joined by a Boston gentleman who came to pay his respects to the statesman. Hardly had we proceeded a hundred yards before a flock of quails ran across the road, when the stranger worked himself into an intense excitement, and exclaimed, "Oh, if I only had a gun, I could easily kill the whole flock; have you not one in your house, sir?" Mr. Webster very calmly replied that he had a number of guns, but that no man was ever permitted to kill a quail or any other bird, a rabbit or a squirrel, on any of his property. He then went on to comment upon the slaughtering propensities of the American people, remarking that in this country there was an almost universal passion for killing and eating every wild animal that chanced to cross the pathway of man; while in England and other portions of Europe these animals were kindly protected and valued for their companionship. "This is to me a great mystery," said he; "and, so far as my influence extends, the birds shall be protected;" and just at this moment one of the quails already mentioned mounted a little knoll, and poured forth a few of its sweet and peculiar notes, when he continued: "There! does not that gush of song do the heart a thousand-fold more good than could possibly be derived from the death of that beautiful bird?" The stranger thanked Mr. Webster for his reproof, and subsequently informed the writer that this little incident had made him love the man whom he had before only admired as a statesman.